

The World's Wonders

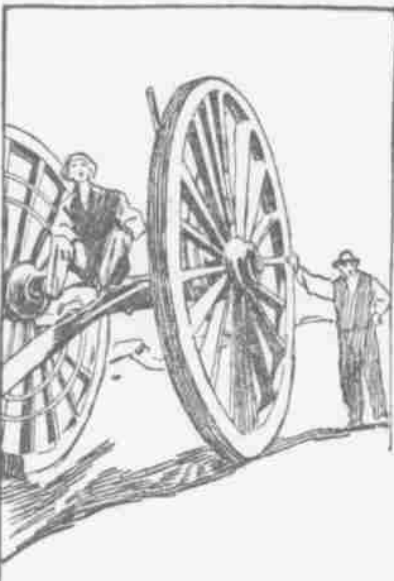
STRANGE THINGS FOUND IN VARIOUS PORTIONS OF THE EARTH

Earliest of the Martyrs



Leading the procession at the big demonstration of suffragettes in Hyde Park, London, recently was a woman who proudly bore a banner inscribed: "First Woman Suffragist Arrested in London." About fifteen thousand people took part in the parade, which was in two divisions. One crowd marched to the park from Shepherd's Bush and the other from the Embankment. In the park 150 speakers addressed the huge crowd from 40 platforms.

OREGON'S GIANT LOG CARTS SNAKE IS BABY'S MASCOT



Away up in Klamath county, Oregon, are located vast forest belts and the lumber industry is maintained on a very extensive scale. Many of these heavy timber belts are remote from either railway lines, or even "logging" roads. Huge "logging" carts are extensively used in these regions in hauling the big heavy saw cuts from the forest depths to the various mills, where they are reduced to lumber. They are all two-wheeled, and constructed so as to sustain a very heavy weight. The wheels are about 12 feet in diameter, length of axle trees 7 feet. The hubs, spokes, axle trees and fellows are all built of very tough, solid wood—usually of oak or hickory; however, the tire is of thick broad steel.

The log, or logs, are suspended to the axle trees by a heavy chain, and nearly balanced—the hind ends barely dragging, so as to greatly reduce the force in hauling. Horses and oxen are both used in this logging business, and as many animals as may be required may be attached to one cart. The wheels are so large that they move with comparative ease over large obstructions, and along very rough, mountainous roads. It would be next to impossible to carry on the lumber industry in these wild regions without the use of these huge logging carts, as they are called. These carts are the largest vehicles of the kind on the Pacific coast—or perhaps in the United States. The cart alone weighs nearly a ton.

ORANG-OUTANG NEAR HUMAN

A curiosity recently arrived in San Francisco from Hong Kong in the shape of an orang-outang, which is called Mary, and is as near human as it is possible to be without talking. She is nearly three feet high when erect, but she favors a sitting posture, and looks about her in the wisest kind of a way. Her skin is black, and the entire body and head are covered with short, dark reddish hair, that is not over-thick on any one part, while the extreme length on the back is less than one inch. Mary is of a cleanly as well as industrious disposition. Twice a day she has a good wash. A tub of water, soap and a towel are given her, and she handles the soap with an expert hand, afterward polishing off with the towel. When she is through she wrings out the towel and hangs it up to dry. On the voyage from China, Mary was once given a tubful of towels from the wash, and she carefully wrung out every one and hung them on the clothesline with the neatness and dispatch of an experienced washer-woman.

Distilling Gutta Serena.
A Frenchman has invented a process for distilling gutta serena from the leaves of the Malay tree of that name, saving the trees from the damage caused by tapping the trunks for the sap.

Exports of Glass Lower.
The French exports of window glass are less than one-half what they were five years ago, owing to the erection of factories in countries formerly supplied by France.

LIGHTNING'S QUEER STUNTS

Lightning has been known to play queer freaks, but a streak of the Jersey brand which struck the home of John Ackerman in Rochelle Park, N. J., a few days ago seems to have done more queer things in a moment than had been done since Ajax defied the fluid. From removing the four castors of a table to snipping off the steel stub of a pen with which a young woman was writing in an adjoining house, the zigzagging bolt managed to disrupt or injure most everything in its path.

The bolt melted the telephone wire and hurled the molten metal against a window with such force as to make mosaics of several panes, the spattering hot metal so deeply engraving itself in the glass that there has been no getting it out.

One side of the hall was ripped out and from there the lightning flashed into the parlor, where a broken lamp and scattered and broken bric-a-brac told of its passage through that apartment.

Then it journeyed to the dining room, where Mr. Ackerman was sitting. The walls, blackened, seared and bulged out on three sides, show that the bolt struck the room in three places, and Ackerman is still marveling how it was that the lightning flashed all around without ever touching him.

In the kitchen was an old-fashioned clock, quite heavy and fully two feet in height. The lightning removed this from the kitchen and deposited the wreck in the dining room. The west side of the kitchen wall was blown out. The kitchen door was blown upward. The kitchen table was splintered into bits and the range was shattered into many pieces.

A young woman next door was writing a letter and her pen-point disappeared as the bolt shook the place.

Yet, strange to say, although there were four persons in the house at the time not one of the occupants suffered any injury from the freakish bolt, other than the shocked surprise that would be expected on such an exciting occasion.

DIGGING FOR TURTLE'S EGGS



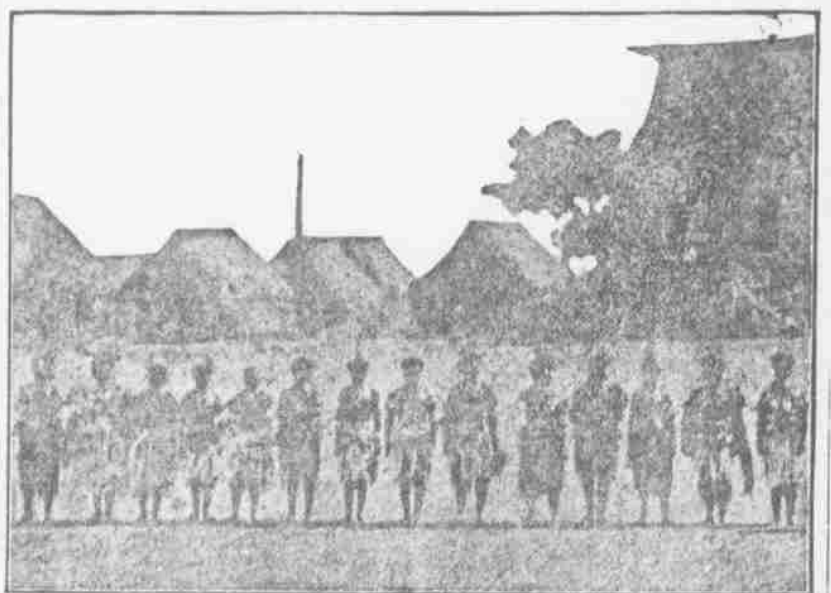
FROG IN WOMAN'S STOMACH

Mrs. Guy Weaver of Toledo, O., is recovering from her illness of many months, during which she was suffering from a stomach trouble the nature of which baffled her physicians. It was caused, it is now said, by the presence of a frog in her stomach, which was removed by a local doctor. The intruder is a brownish yellow in color and is about two inches long. It was a lively specimen, and straightway demonstrated its kinship with its brothers and sisters of ponds and puddles by a series of lively leaps. It is thought that Mrs. Weaver swallowed a frog egg while drinking at a spring on a farm of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smaller, in Freedom, and that it hatched and developed to nearly normal size in her stomach. Hundreds have seen the frog, which was placed on exhibition.

The common sea-turtle, found in large numbers on the coast of Florida, indulges in a large family, being no believer in race-suicide. She lays 150 round white eggs during the two days she remains on her nest. She then fills in the pit, which is about a foot deep, and leaves the eggs there to be hatched out by the heat of the sun. The eggs of the turtle are considered quite a delicacy and many persons make a living by digging them out of the sand when they are fresh-laid.

The largest ancient mosaic known, covering more than 4,500 square yards, has been unearthed on the site of Aquileia, a Roman city that was destroyed in 452.

Cricketers of Fiji Islands



Wherever the British establish themselves there is sure to be cricket, and it is not surprising that there should be a cricket team in the Fiji Islands. But these players are natives and wear the native costume, scoring leg guards and other protection. Some time ago the team made a tour of Australia, playing in all the principal towns and proving themselves masters of the game. They are captained by Ratu Kadavu Levu.

Woman's Faithfulness.

I tell you that women, as a rule, are more faithful than men—ten times more faithful. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she was wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back her corpse to his arms, but I have seen a woman with her white arms lift a man from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.—Ingersoll.

Scotch Stew.

Slice young tender carrots, onions and new potatoes, add a few green peas and cook until tender. Season with butter and salt and add a little rich milk. Serve in individual vegetable dishes.

Swedish Soup.

Take equal quantities of prunes and raisins and cook very slowly in plenty of water until tender. Strain and sweeten and bind with a little cooked rice. Chill before serving.

ELOPED IN A BASKET

Romantic Story of An Old-Time London Beauty.

Circumvented Her Irate Father In An Ingenious Manner—Lover, Disguised as Baker, Carried Her Off in a Hamper.

London.—The old saying that love will find a way was never better illustrated than in the romance of Elizabeth Spencer, the most beautiful woman in all England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and her devoted cavalier, Sir William, second Baron Compton, who afterward became the first Earl of Northampton.

Elizabeth had the double advantage of beauty and of wealth. She was the only daughter of Sir John Spencer, who reached London a penniless boy from the country during the reign of King Henry VIII and who became its wealthiest citizen and in turn sheriff and lord mayor of the old city of London. Like many another self-made man Sir John was somewhat of a devotee—a worshiper of self. He regarded himself, and very likely with perfect justice, as the equal of many of the nobles of England and the superior of some, and when one of these, Sir William, Baron Compton, presumed to make love to the beautiful Elizabeth he was shown the door and told not to return.

And so the lovers planned how to circumvent the wealthy and pompous Sir John.

One day a handsome young baker called at Crosby Hall, trundling a barrow upon which rested a capacious and flat-topped basket. He lugged the basket into the house easily enough and soon emerged with it and laboriously carried it to the barrow. "Hanging to meet Sir John he tipple!" said the great man, who pleased with this mark of courtesy cheerfully gave him a shilling. "A civil young man," said Sir John to himself, "and his face somehow looks familiar."

A little later Sir John discovered that the "civil young man" was the "scapegrace," Sir William, and that his daughter had eloped in the basket. Messengers were at once dispatched



Eloping in a Basket.

In every direction to arrest the fugitives, but the plans of the lovers had been carefully laid and before their whereabouts were discovered Elizabeth Spencer had become Lady Compton. The rage of the father knew no bounds and he roundly swore that Sir William had seen the only shilling of his money he would ever touch. This determination would very likely have been adhered to were it not for the appearance on the scene of an other actor.

Queen Elizabeth years before had met Elizabeth Spencer and had taken some interest afterward in her affairs. Driving through the city one day the queen saw Elizabeth and beckoning her to the royal carriage paid her the compliment of pronouncing her the owner of "the sweetest face I have seen in my city or London." Naturally, she learned of the beautiful girl's elopement and later concocted a plan of effecting a reconciliation between daughter and father.

A year after the elopement Sir John was summoned to the presence of the queen. After expressing her sympathy with him over the ingratitude of his daughter she asked him to be come sponsor with her at the baptism of a baby, who was just born to a couple who had married against the wishes of the mother's father. Honored by the request, which of course was tantamount to a demand, Sir John readily consented and also willfully acceded to the queen's desire that he permit his own surname to be used as the Christian name of the child. Flattered beyond measure by the queen's graciousness, Sir John declared that as he had discarded his own undutiful daughter he would adopt the infant as heir to his fortune. He was then told that the child was his own grandson, the offspring of his daughter Elizabeth. A reconciliation was then effected and years afterward, when Sir John was gathered to his fathers, the son-in-law, Sir John, or Lord Northampton as he had then become, erected a magnificent tomb on which the disobedient daughter, in contrition for her fault, is seen kneeling at her father's feet.

GOLD IS SHAKEN FROM COINS

New York Detectives Unearth a Clever Swindle in the Malden Lane Jewelry District.

New York.—Secret service agents who have been at work in the Malden Lane jewelry district, have discovered coin stripping by which gold is obtained and sold, the coins being put back into circulation apparently as good as ever. The new process consists in placing the coins in a burlap bag, which is shaken vigorously.

Thus tiny flakes of metal are knocked off the coins and cling to the bag, which is then burned, the gold melting into wee ingots.

The treasury department at Washington has been getting back of late large quantities of gold coins, which seemed more scratched and battered than ordinary.

Under the microscope it became evident that these coins had been handled with strange violence. Special agents were sent here to investigate and soon uncovered the industry of shaking the coins in burlap bags.

"SUFFOLK RESOLVES" HOUSE

Boston Mansion in Which the "Suffolk Resolves" Were Adopted in the Year 1774.

Boston.—One of Boston's most important revolutionary relics is the old Vose or "Suffolk Resolves" house at the Milton Lower mills. It was in this historic mansion, the home of Daniel Vose, often called the "birthplace of American liberty," that the famous "Suffolk resolves" were adopted, September 9, 1774, by the Suffolk convention.

The obnoxious regulating or restrictive acts had not been long in operation before the popular resistance they encountered found expression in these resolves, which were drawn up and reported to the convention by Gen. Joseph Warren, who the next June lost his life in his defense at the battle of Bunker Hill.

These resolves, 19 in number, were by far the boldest doctrine ever adopted or promulgated in America, and probably did more than any one other



The "Suffolk Resolves" House.

thing to bring matters to a crisis. As soon as General Gage heard of their adoption, he sent to England for more troops and commenced his campaign of confiscation which ended in the fight at Lexington and Concord.

The resolves declared that the sovereign who breaks his compact with his subjects forfeits their allegiance. They arranged as unconstitutional the repressive acts of parliament and rejected all officers appointed under their authority.

They directed collectors of taxes to pay over no money to the royal treasurer. They advised the towns to choose their officers of militia from the friends of the people.

They favored a provincial congress, and promised respect and submission to the continental congress. They determined to act upon the defensive as long as reason and self-preservation would permit, but no longer.

They threatened to seize every crown officer in the province as hostage. If the governor should arrest any one for political reasons. They also arranged a system of couriers to carry messages to town officers and corresponding committees. They earnestly advocated the well-known American principles of social order on the basis of all political action; exhorted all persons to abstain from riots and all attacks upon the property of any person whatsoever; and urged their countrymen to "convince their enemies that in a contest so important, in a cause so solemn, their conduct should be such as to merit approbation of the wise, and the admiration of the brave and free of every age and country."

These resolutions were sent to the continental congress at Philadelphia by Paul Revere, where they were approved and recommended to the whole country on June 17, 1775.

MARKED FOR ASSASSINATION

Dowager Queen Margherita, of Italy, Was Saved Only by Confession of an Anarchist.

Rome.—Through the confession of a weak-kneed anarchist a plot to murder Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy was discovered in time and another horrible crime averted. Her husband, King Humbert, was slain at Monza, July 29, 1900, and it was on the anniversary of his death that the queen was to have been "removed"



Dowager Queen Margherita.

by act of the revolutionary group. One of their number was chosen by lot to carry out the deed, but at almost the last moment his courage gave out and he voluntarily surrendered to the police. After fully confessing his part in the plot the "red" committed suicide in his cell, perhaps the most considerate thing he ever did.

Queen Margherita, it is claimed, is almost wholly responsible for the break between the Duke of Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins, whose love affair occupied the attention of two continents for a long time. Perhaps there was really less love between the mountain-climbing duke and the charming daughter of West Virginia's former senator than the papers are apt to believe, but with so much smoke there must have been a little fire, at least. There is not a particle of doubt in the minds of many that the duke was hot-foot to marry Miss Elkins, but there seems to be more of a question regarding the state of her feelings for her titled suitor. Be that as it may, the dowager queen is said to have put a stop to whatever chance there was of a marriage between the two young persons; and now that her assassination has been thus timely prevented she may still continue to block the game, should the duke persist in his suit.

EXPLAINED TO FUNNY EDITOR

Enlightened by Woman Who Wants Monologue That Will Keep Her Talking Fifteen Minutes.

"Are you the funny editor?" she asked, pausing for a moment in the doorway. "I want you to write a vaudeville sketch for me. I hope you're going to be more sympathetic than you look, and that reminds me that of all the stony-hearted people I ever met in all my life a certain theatrical manager in this town—but I don't suppose you care to hear about that, and I presume I ought to tell you at the start that I have been married. It was a very sad experience—and, really, it seems to me that anyone with the instincts of a gentleman would at least have given me a hearing, but when I offered to read a scene from Shakespeare he called for help, and, as I was saying, it was a very sad experience—I mean my married life. Why, he treated me as if I had been the merest scum of the street and didn't even stop smoking or ask me to sit down when I went into his office; but I suppose he must be bothered a great deal by all kinds of people who think they can act. I had to leave him on account of his insane jealousy. If I merely spoke pleasantly to the postman he would fly into a passion, and almost the first thing he asked me was whether I'd be willing to wear tight, because he thought with my figure he might get into some company, no matter whether I had any talent or not—just think of that! I don't believe we would ever have had any trouble if it hadn't been for his mother. She was always throwing out sly hints and insinuating that I cared more for dress than I did for him, and all that, but it does seem to me that he might at least have taken his feet down from his desk, and oh, his language was something awful! I never was so insulted in all my life, but I suppose he had been used to dealing with a class of people who had to be talked to in that way. He might have seen by my appearance that I was used to something different, and he looked me over as if I had been merely a piece of furniture. His sister was partly to blame, too, and I can't help feeling awfully thankful that we never had any children, for it's such a pity when people who have little ones can't live together. Do you think you could fix up a monologue that would keep me talking for about fifteen minutes?"

Don't Kill Snakes and Toads.

The French town authorities post village bulletin boards, for public instruction. One of these reads "Hedgehog: live on mice, snails and wire-worms—do not kill a hedgehog. Toad: helps agriculture, killing twenty to thirty insects every hour—do not kill a toad. Cockchafer: deadly enemy to the farmer: lays one hundred eggs at a time—kill the cockchafer." It would be a good idea for our own government to post bulletins of this sort, instead of printing so many for circulation.

In the south most of the snakes are of great value, and that is relatively true everywhere. The blue racer, a handsome fellow, is estimated to be worth ten dollars a year to destroy mice and gophers. The bull snake and garter snake destroy insects and rodents, without themselves hurting the garden. In my Clinton ground we have so long protected the garter snake that he sums himself on the compost piles without fearing us at all. Why not? Why carry a spite because a serpent is said to have tempted Eve? Was it not a fair match? Poisonous snakes are nearly as rare as those that talk.—E. D. Powell in Outlook.

Gold and Silver Table.

Nemias Ventura of Porto Rico spent most of thirty years making a table out of silver and gold. He was a miser and conceived the idea of depositing the precious metals in the form of this table. The legs are of gold, the top is of silver. Around the edge of the table are designs of ancient coins; the center part represents a map of the United States, all being outlined in silver. The table is 12 inches in height, 16 inches long and 10 inches wide. The maker estimates its value at \$50,000. He is in New York city now, hoping to dispose of his prize, but he is so afraid that some one will steal it that he scarcely leaves it for a moment. He desires very much to witness the sights of New York, but says he will not run any risk of his able getting away from him. This man has manifested great skill and industry and it is to be hoped his thirty years of labor will be rewarded with a generous purchaser. The world is full of gold and silver tables that so hold men down that they cannot get much time or opportunity to see anything else or do anything beside keeping thieves away from their fathered riches.—The Christian Herald.

Walking Honeymoon in Germany.

The walking honeymoon is a custom young couples who prefer to keep their money or who haven't any for a wedding trip by train, swing knapsacks over their shoulders on the wedding day and set out for a week's tramp, stopping over night at the roadside tavern. I remember being told a story in the Bavarian Alps of the gloomy young man whose extreme melancholy at the village inn caused sympathetic inquiries. He confessed that he had been married the day before to the belle of the village, and as they didn't have means for both of them to take a wedding trip he had been obliged to tramp alone.—Elmer Roberts in Collier's.

Women Smokers.

The women smoker, far from being a result of a decadent civilization is merely a survival of a rougher and harder life. Even today the women who live the hardest lives compatible with twentieth century civilization smoke incessantly. Go into any tramps' lodging house and you will find not only old and young women, but bits of girls scarcely in their teens puffing contentedly, not at cigarettes, but clay pipes, charged with black twist tobacco. It is part of the etiquette of the "road" for the men after they have vigorously puffed at their "dudeens" to hand them to the women tramps who have no supply.—London Chronicle.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa.—"I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R.F.D., No. 5, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.



The Maiden-Dolls are made for girls to play with. The Bachelor—And a good many men marry them.

Unfair. Senator John H. Blankenhorn, discussing a political move, said with a smile: "Oh, it's too coldly calculated. It's almost unfair. In fact, it's like Mrs. Blank."

"Mrs. Blank is a leader of Bar Harbor society. Her husband said to her, one afternoon, as she made a very elaborate toilet for a garden party that she was giving to some members of the British legation:

"Why did you write to all our guests that this party was to be absolutely informal?"

"Mrs. Blank laughed.

"So as to be the best-dressed woman present, of course," she said."

"The Wish Is Father to the Thought." Dr. Robert L. Waggoner, the president of Baldwin university, said, in the course of an address on pedagogy at Berea, O.:

"And one of the most remarkable changes in the last 30 years of teaching is the abolition of corporal punishment. A boy of this generation is never whipped. But a boy of the last generation—well!"

Doctor Waggoner smiled. "The boys of the last generation," he said, "must have believed that their instructors all had for motto: 'The wish is father to the thought.'"

Not Impregnable. Horace Avory, K. C., just appointed a judge, is one of the mordant wits of the British bar. One day, cross-examining a recalcitrant witness, he asked:

"What are you?"

"A retired gentleman," proudly asserted the ex-cheese-monger.

"Well," snarled Avory, "when you achieved the position of gentleman, why did you retire from it?"

The gentleman exists to help; he has no other vocation.—T. T. Munger.

Brings Cheer to the breakfast table—Post Toasties with cream.

Crisp, golden-brown "crinkly" bits, made from white corn.

A most appetizing, convenient, pleasurable breakfast.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.